**III Nature**

**XXVII Indian Summer**

These are the days when birds come back,

A very few, a bird or two,

To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on

The old, old sophistries of June,--

A blue and gold mistake

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,

Almost thy plausibility

Induces my belief

Til ranks of seed their witness bear,

And softly through the altered air

Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer

Oh, last communion in the haze

Permit a child to join,

Thy sacred emblems to partake

Thy consecrated bread to break

Taste thine immortal wine

Emily Dickerson